

# The Mournful Shepherd:

OR

*Torment of Loving, and not being Lov'd again.*

A SONG made by a Gentleman who Dyed for his cruel Mistris.

No Torment can be found no greater pain  
Then truly Loving and not Lov'd again;  
For thats a strange Disease which Racks, the mind,  
Still routs the Judgment, and does Reason blind:  
Raises a Civil War, distracts the Soul,

Whilst Fancy like a Raging Sea does rout:  
The Lovers dreams of nothing but strang Charms.  
And oftē thinks his Mistris in his Arms;  
But waking finds he did embrace a Shade;  
Which all his hopes with it he had Conveyd,

To a Pleasant New Tune, called Could Man his Wish Obtain, &c.

Play'd and Sung at the King's Play-House.



Could man his wish obtain,  
how happy would he be;  
But wishes seldom gain,  
And hopes are but in vain,  
if Fortunes disagree:  
Pitty you Powers of Love,  
our Infelicity;

Why should the Fates Conspire,  
To frustrat my desire,  
Since Love's the gentle fire  
that keeps the World alive:  
But me it puts to pain,  
My Wishes are in vain,  
Nor promise any hope to gain.

I love and still I view,  
but dare not tell my mind,  
Should I my flames persue,  
I might that Bliss undo,  
which is for her design'd,  
A Bliss that's far above,  
more lasting, rich, and kind;  
Though hopes successless prove,  
My heart shall ne'r remove,  
From wishing of her Love,  
in Fortunes Triumph led;  
And though she banish me,  
If she but happy be,  
I'll please my God when I am  
( dead.

Much like a Tyrant sits  
th' insulting Prince of Love,  
And with his Arrows hits  
Poor Mortals as it fits,  
his humour from above;

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The Second Part, To the same Tune.



But pittie I implore.

O let some pittie move :  
But ah, what is my Error,  
when love thus proves a Terror,  
That is the worlds bright Mirror,  
and guides the Starry frame ;  
The flame that's in my breast,  
Alas disturbs my rest,  
Since I of hopes am dispossess,

Thou Center of my joy,  
the fairest of her kind,  
Does still with frowns destroy,  
My Bliss by proving Coy,  
whilst Love torments my mind ;  
And scorches me in pain,  
that I no quiet find :  
Pittie some gentle power,  
And rain a golden Shower,  
For sure nought else can wooe her  
to cool my raging Flame :  
Alas, that Gold should prove  
The Orb that still does move  
the happy Sphere of sacred love.

O're Hills and Rocks I stray,  
through fields and grove I ade  
I take my restless way,  
To Venus oft I pray,  
to grant me speedy aid,  
And pittie my distress,  
or how the cruel Maid :  
Whose eyes do Lightning bear,  
Which blast me with despair,  
And takes me in Loves snare,  
nor can I thence escape :  
But strugele there in vain,  
And still does suffer pain,  
Whilst I to free my self do strain.

Witness ye Founts and Springs,  
Groves, and each pleasant Mead,  
Each warbling Bird that sings,  
And spreads his airy wings ;  
and bleating flocks that feed :  
How cruel the faire Nymph  
to me as ever been.  
But Tyrant love no more,  
To persecute give o're,  
Keep, keep your shafts in store,  
of them there is no need :  
For lick the Swan, now I,  
To sing my last leave try,  
Which done, I thus lye down & dye.  
( He Dies.

FINIS.



Printed for P. Brooksby, at  
the Sign of the Golden-Ball,  
in Pye-Corner.